"An angel brought her, darling," I answered and he smiled. Then softly bent his curly head, And kissed the sleeping child,

But a sudden change came over him And he said, "If I'd been you, While I was about it, mamma, I'd have caught the angel, too

Master Tom's Engagement.

Old Mr. Molyneux was immensely proud of his position as a county mag-nate. He lived in a feudal custle which nate. He lived in a feudal castle which he had bought cheaply, having taken over at the same time the good will, so to speak, of its former owner's social innence and dignity. In consideration of his great wealth his neighbors charitably ignored the fact that his father had been small tradesman and that he himself ad carried on a lucrative business in the hardware line for many years. He was not a bad old fellow, his vulgarity being of a subdued and inoffensive kind, and consequently he was received in the best county society. But he aspired to even greater distinction, for his pet pro-ject was to marry his only son, Tom, to one of the Earl of Laburnum's daugh-

Unfortunately Master Tom was rather a scapegrace, and his father preferred to let him see a little of the world before revealing the honors that were in store for him. The fact was that Tom showed no predilection whatever for the Lady Florence, and he was just of that democratic age when a youth is apt to underrate social advantages. The old man hoped that when Tom had had his fling he would begin to awake to the respon sibilities of his position, and be amen-able to reason. He knew that Tom was raising a very respectable crop of debts, and that before long his paternal assistance would be sought. When the crisis arrived he intended to make known his wishes, and to take advantage of the lad's embarrasments to impose con-

One day, however, the young man came down from town, where he was ostensibly studying for the bar, and with a very grave and determined air announced that he was engaged to be married. Old Mr. Molyneux nearly had a fit of apoplexy on the spot, and when Tom proceeded to state that the young lady earned her own living by carrying on the business of a dressmaker at the West End his horror and indignation knew no bounds. In vain Tom pleaded that Miss Fabian was a lady by birth and education, and that the poverty of her family was her only crime. His father became more and more furious, until Tom showed symptoms of flat re-

"Think of your position in county!" cried old Mr. Molyneux, perceiving this and wisely making an effort to control himself. "I will take it for granted, if you like, that the girl is an exemplary character. She may be lady-like and well educated and all the rest of it. But her station is altogether inferior

to yours,"
"I don't see that," said Tom, stub-

bornly, "Why, of course, It is ridiculous," said the old gentleman, swelling with self importance. "Her father, you say, is a poor out-at-elbows devil of a clerk He had it o in the city. "By marrying the daughter of a city

clerk, who earns her living by dressmak-ing, you would make a misalliance." "Just as Lady Florence would by marrying me," said Tom, looking won-derfully innocent.

"Who is talking about Lady Florence?" said old Mr. Molyneux, taken aback by this unexpected thrust.
"Nobody—only I have an idea that

you wish me to marry out of my sta-tion," retorted Tom.
"I don't wish you to marry at all, sir,

not for many a long year!" cried the old man, fairly nonplussed. "What I mean is, father," said Tom.

doggedly, "that I see no more harm in marrying below one's station—to use your own term—than in marrying above it. If one is wrong the other must be." "Stuff and nonsense, sir! You don't know what you are talking about," ex-claimed Mr. Molyneux. "I don't want to have an argument with you. The long and short of the matter is that I

won't hear of this foolish engagement. There! It is no use talking. Let there be an end of it, or I shall have something very unpleasant to say." The old man bounced out of the room

as he spoke, not a little amazeo at his son's tone and attitude. Hitherto Tom had never ventured to argue with him, partly from filial duty and partly from inherent weakness of character. He began to fear that the lad possessed unex-pected firmness, until he soothed his mind by the reflection that he had probably been carefully coached for the in-terview. He easily convinced himself that Tom would never dare to disobey him, and instead of feeling the least ap prehenatve of the marriage taking place he was only uneasy lest rumors of the engagement should reach the Laburu-

He prudently resolved to treat the matter as definitely disposed off, and to make no further allusion to it-at all events until Tom had had time for re-flection. Judging from appearances, the lad seemed completely subdued. He spent the next few days slaughtering pheasants in a dejected and sulky frame of mind. His father smiled within himself and held his tongue, though he showed by his manner that he ded not showed by his manner that he did no intend to be trifled with. When he considered that he might safely speak, he said one morning with assumed careless

"Well, my boy, what are you going to do?"
"I'm going to shoot over Bailey's sent," replied Tom.
"Nonsense, You know what I am re-

sed. I am speaking of this idiotic love "Oh! Well, of course, I must keep my word," said Tom, with flushed cheek.

"What! you have written to break it off?" said Mr. Molyneux, feigning sur-

"No, guv'nor, I haven't," said Tom.
"I hoped you would have softened by
this time."

"And I believed you would have re membered that your first duty was to obey your father," cried the old man beginning to boil. "Do you mean to tell me that you still contemplate snar-

rying a-s dressmaker?"
"She has sold her business, father;" said Tom, eagerly. "She might have done better had she waited a bit, but ont of sincere regard for your

"My wishes !" interrupted Mr. Molyneux, angrily. "I don't care if she car-ries on twenty businesses. What I say is that you shall never marry her with my consent. That's all."
"I should be very sorry to disobey you, father," began Tom, gravely.

"Look here, my boy," interrupted the old gentleman, quickly, speaking with annatural calmness, "let us understand each other. I forbid this foolish engagement, and I order you to break it off instantly. That is my bark. Now for my bits. bite. You leave my house within an hour, and unless you inform me in the course of a week that the affair is at an end I stop supplies. If you persist in

marrying the girl, then, by heaven! I will alter my will and leave every farthing I possess to your Cousin Ned—in fact, I will make him my heir and discard you altogether."

It is doubtful whether the old man would have really carried out this serious threat, for he was fond of his son and proud of him in a way, but he looked very determined when he uttered

it, and Tom was evidently impressed. The lad dropped his eyes twice his father's irate glance, and the ruddy color left his cheeks for an instant, "You know, Tom," he added, noticing the wholesome effect of his words, "you are entirely dependent upon me, and unless you took to posching I don't see

how you could possibly earn a crust.

'sides, you are up to your ears in debt.'
"I don't owe much," said Tom, quick ly, with a tell-tale blush. "You will find out that you owe a good deal when your creditors learn that I have made your Cousin Ted my heir," said the old man, enigmatically.

Tom was evidently seriously discon-

certed by this remark. He turned on his heel, muttering something about eatching the next train to town, leaving his father master of the situation. The old man considered he had gained a signal victory, and was, therefore, not the least perturbed when his son started off to the station with his luggage, in literal accordance with his injunction. He did not doubt that Master Tom would see the folly of his ways; and, sure enough, two days afterward the young man reappeared looking decidedly sheepish and tendered his submission. He even brought a copy of the letter he had written to the young lady, which Mr. Molyneux thought a little too curt and matter of fact, if any fault was to be found with it. However, he was not inclined to be hypercritical in this re-

spect, and he heartily applauded Tom's "I'm going away for a bit, guv'nor," said the lad, who winced a little at his father's boisterous good humor, and seemed half ashamed of his conduct, "Webster and some other fellows have hired a yacht, and sail for Madeira tomorrow.

"By all means, my boy," cried Mr. Molyneux, secretly delighted that his son should leave England for awhile at this juncture; "and look here, Tom, while you are away I will settle matters with those friends of yours."

He produced rather a formidable list of names and figures as he spoke, and Fom started with surprise, as well be might, at perceiving how full and accurate was his father's knowledge of his pecuniary embarrassments. The old man cut short his son's confused protestations of gratitude and apology by say

ing, good-humoredly:
"Well, well, you must turn over a new leaf, my boy. Reasonable economy must beneeforth be the order of the day, and I hope on your return that you will settle down and reside permanently in

He had it on the tip of his tongue to hint that he must be prepared to marry Lady Florence; but he wisely refrained. Nevertheless he was as full of the project as ever, and after Tom's departure he spoke to Lord Laburnum more plainly than he had hitherto done, His lordship, without pledging himself, gave him an encouraging reply; and he resolved to bring matters to a crisis immediately upon his son's return. The consequence was that the task of settling with Tom's creditors proved quite an agreeable relaxation, and did not cause him a moment's ill-humor.

But he was very much startled and disgusted on hearing that his solicitor had been asked to accept service of a writ on Tom's behalf in an action for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Fabian against her faithless lover. The news upset him considerably, for such a scandal would set all the papers gossiping about his antecedents while Tom could hardly fail to cut a ridiculous figure in the witness box. Old Mr. Molyneux soon arrived at the conclusion that the action must be compromised at any cost, for the sake of his own dignity, not to mention the projected alliance with the Laburnums. He rushed up to town in quite a frantic state, and disregarding the advice and protestations of his solicitor, insisted that Miss Fabian's claim should be settled forthwith at any sacrifice, in order to avert the danger of the affair finding

its way into the papers.

He was successful in his main object. but rich man though he was, he almost groaned when he sat down to write the heck that Miss Fabian's advisers demanded. The amount was represented by no less than five figures, and the worst of it all was that he got no sympathy whatever from his own solicitor, who declared that by going to law, or even holding out, he might have saved the greater part of the money.

In spite of the great relief that the threatened scandal had been averted.

old Mr. Molyneux soon began to regret the sacrifice he had made and to fret about his enormous loss. He was not by any means a penurious man, but, like all parvenus, he appreciated the value of money. He did not mind what he spent so long as he had something to show for his outlay; but in this instance the result attained was entirely negative. Everyone is inclined to underrate danger when it has passed, and Mr. Molyneux could not help suspecting that he had been too early frightened. This uncomfortable reflection worried him a good deal, particularly when he learned that Lord Laburnum had made arrangements to take his family to the arrangements to take his family to the south of France for the winter. This did not look as if his lordship was very anxious about his daughter's marriage with Tom, and old Mr. Molyneux was seized with an ominous foreboding when he heard the news.

Tom returned after an absence of

three or four months, and was evidently not a little apprehensive of the reception ne would meet with. He had received some angry letters from his father, referring to damages he had had to pay; and he therefore appeared nervous and embarrassed at the frist meeting. But the old man, delighted to see him again, sought to put him at his ease by saying:

"I'm not going to allude to what has happened, my boy. I am willing to let bygones be bygones."

You are very kind, father, butbutMr. Molyneux, as Tom paused in con-

"I still cling to the hope that you will consent to my marriage with Miss Fabian," said Tom, desperately. "What !" roared his father, with

great start. "You see, guv'nor," proceeded Tom "I am in a much better position than I was before I went away. Then, as you justly pointed out, I was in debt, I had no capital, and I was altogether de-pendent upon you. But my debts are now paid, and as for capital—"

"Well, sir, what about capital?" in-terrupted the old man, too much amazed angry. "There is the money you paid to Miss Fabian," said Tom, with a fleeting smile. "The interest on it would keep us from

starving, and at least it is enough to buy and stock a farm with."
"But—but I paid the money because you broke your promise to marry her, urged his father, incredulously. "Sh

would never marry you now."
"I think she would," replied Tom.
"The fact is, sir, that I have been victimized," exclaimed old Mr. Molyneux, anddenly, as the truth flashed across his

Old Mr. Molyneux had turned purple n the face, and Tom was justly alarmed at his aspect. But before he could utter a word in reply a man servant brought in a note, remarking that a messenger was waiting to know if there was any reply, Mr. Molyneux opened the envelope half-absently, glanced hurriedly at the contents, and then gave vent to a muttered execration which apparently relieved his over-wrought feelings. After striding about the room for a few moments in great agitation he suddenly halted in front of Tom, and cried in a

voice of suppressed passion;
"You—you impertinent, disrespectful, disobedient rascal! What did you say about the money?"

"I said every farthing would be returned to you," replied Tom staring at his father.

"Very well," said the old man abruptly; and he immediately sat down st the writing table and wrote a note with a tremulous hand, "Read that," he said to his son when he had finished.

"Oh! father. It is awfully good of cou," cried Tom, with tears in "I expect Lord Laburnum will "I expect Lord Laburnum will Malyneux, sulk cried Tom, with tears in his eyes. said old Mr. Molyneux, sulkily, as he folded up the note. should have made £10,000 by allowing you to marry his daughter,"

HOW HE CAME TO "SWEAR OFF." The Story Told by the Drummer at the

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several com panions, as they settled down in the moking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking.

I've sworn off." He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it. "What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, some-thing's up; tell us what it is." "Well. boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, over since I was married, as you all know, I love whisky-it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I pounds at the rate of thirty miles a day, am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than 25, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawn-broker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawn-broker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the broker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition, 'My-my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em-I want a drink.' 'You had better take these shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them, said the pawnbroker. 'No s-she won't because she's dead. She's lying at home nowdied last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop." Then be got up and went into another car. His companions glauced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in

Our Cookery Book.

a seat by himself reading a newspaper.

ONE WAY FOR PREPARING RHUBARS PIR AND OLD-TIME PANCAKES.

"Rhubarb?" said the artist as he laid aside his apron; "you are a little early for that. But if you want my recipe here it is: Peel and cut into inchlengths two small bunches of rhubarb; put on the fire in a porcelain stew-pan with half a cup of water; cook until tender and then stir in a large tablespoonful of butter, a dessert spoonful of corn starch; wet with a little cold water and a scant cupful of sugar. Remove from the fire after it has boiled up once and add very slowly, beating the while, two well-whipped eggs. Line a deep dish with good paste, fill with this mixture, cover with paste and bake. There should be two cups of rhubarb after it is stewed. The above quantity is sufficient for one large or two small pies.

"You have probably tasted pancakes that grandmother made'?"

"Well, what was her way?" Whipping out a book of memoranda the artist read slowly: 'Melt butter the size of an egg in a pint of hot sweet milk; add a pint of cold milk, the yolks of four eggs theroughly besten, a tea-spoonful of salt, half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little warm ater, and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter; set this to rise in a warm place, for three hours if they are wanted for dinner, over night in a cool place if they are wanted for breakfast, and then add the beaten whites which have been kept cool meantime. No flour must be added again before baking. Try these with honey or maple syrup."

Never hold any one by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for "What is the matter?" inquired old | had better hold your tongue than them. if people are unwilling to hear you, you NOTES BY THE WAY.

CTEMPORAL CHIEF

Tax champion butter and milk cow of the world lately died in Iowa city. She was a Holstein, Mercedes, and with her calf was valued at \$10,000.

A PROMINERY produce merchant says that making the canals free added 20,000,000 bushels of grain to the trade of New York city last year and is doing the same this year.

A Province kind of building stone found in some localities in Oregon, hav-ing the property of being uninjured by the action of cold, heat, or moisture. It is called granite sandstone.

A country editor advertises for partner "with some money and plenty of energy, patience and perseverance, Such a partner would find a most excellent field in the newspaper business in collecting the bills.

The Sultan of Morocco has just held a celebration in honor of his marriage with his 1,000th wife. No. 1,000 may be a very nice woman, but no doubt, says an exchange, the other 999 talked awfully about her.

AURELIEN SCHOLL calls the Belgians the wealthiest people on the Continent, and those who most deserve to be free, since they have always valued liberty too highly to risk its loss by imprudence or lack of self control.

Notwithstanding the immense number of watches made in other countries, the Swiss watches still continue to be in demand. It is estimated that there are about 45,000 workmen engaged in this industry in Switzerland.

The report is gaining ground in Ten-essee that her late defaulting Treasurer, Marshal T. Polk, is not dead, but is living in Texas. It is said that the coffin in which his body was supposed to have been buried was in reality empty, and was merely used as a blind.

Since the August gale, seven months ago, 18 vessels have been lost from Gloucester, Mass., with all their crews, which, together with the men lost overboard and in dories, makes the record 249 men lost, leaving behind, as near as can be ascertained, 65 widows and 134 fatherless children.

A MAN by the name of Zelcon, who was at one time the American Consular was at one time the American Consular Agent at Alexandria, has asked the Porte for a concession to build a ship railway from El Arish to Akabah, so as to unite the Mediterranean with the Red The distance in a straight line is about 130 miles.

THAT famous Cashier Barron case, at Dexter, Me., is still unsettled. Mrs. Chase, who was reported to have con-fessed ber lately deceased husband's con-nection with the affair, denies emphatically that she had ever made any such statement or had any knowledge whatever of the murder.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL, now sning for divorce, was married in July, 1881, at the Royal Chapel, the Princess Louise being present. Lady Campbell has lately been devoting herself to personal visits of benevolence to the crowded slums of London. The poor worship her as a ministering angel.

THE foot and mouth cattle disease in Maine is becoming eradicated as fast as nature and quarantine regulations will admit. Every animal that has been affected has recovered; and Dr. Bailey, of the State Board of Cattle Commissioners, says an examination would hardly find any proof that the animals had ever been sick,

SAMUEL W. BAKER, the African explorer, is quoted as saying that camels will cross a desert with a load of 400 require water only every third or fourth In the cooler months the animal will work seven or eight days without water, and if grazing on green foliage, without labor, will only drink once fortnight.

A Stringent Bill.

Mr. Budd, of California, has introduced a bill before the United States House of Representatives to prohibit and punish the importation into this country of "opium prepared for smoking, and all opium except aqueous extracts thereof for medicinal uses." The importation, sale or offer for sale of any opium thus forbidden to be imported is declared to be a misdemeanor punishable by a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or imprisonment not exceeding five years, or both. The proposed act furthermore provides that the possession of opium, the importation of which is thereby prohibited, shall be prima facie evidence of guilt,

In a preamble to the bill, Mr. Budd states four reasons why it should be en-

acted. The first is that "the habit and curse of opium smoking has been introduced among the people of the United States, and is spreading with frightful rapidity under the fostering care of the Chinese. The second is that the importation of opium has increased from 85,075 pounds in 1881 to 298,152 pounds in 1883. The third is that "the habit of opium smoking once acquired cannot be overcome, and its victims will not live in any place where the drug cannot by procured;" and a final and conclusive argument is found by Mr. Budd in the averment that nearly fifty per cent. of our Chinese population are slaves of the opium pipe, and would be driven out of the country f the drug was no longer imported.

Their Good Luck.

It is astonishing how many of our sucessful business men attribute their good fortune neither to luck nor general ex-cellence of judgment, but will tell you how a strict adherence to some single rule has done it all for them. Commodore Vanderbilt's receipt for making millions with certainty and celerity was to never sign a note; William E. Dodge would not hold any pecuniary interest in an exterprise that was at all active on Sunday, and he finally believed that his wealth was a reward for conscientiously observing the Sabbath day; the first John Jacob Astor's voudoo charm lay in investing nothing aside from his regular business except in real estate; and Alexander T. Stewart would have anticipated misfortune if he had wantonly broken the smallest personal engagement. Men et success can afford to practice their theories, and even become slaves to them. Men of failure cannot indulge such luxuries of conduct.

THE BEST.—In point of longevity, Mansfield is credited with the best record among Connecticut towns. The oldest inhabitant is ninety-eight years old, and within the last half century old, and within the last half century twenty-eight persons have died whose average age was ninety-seven years, four of whom were over one hundred years old. Mrs. Mary Southworth died at the age of one hundred and two. About one hundred persons, it is said, have died within fifty years upward of ninety years old. At present there are forty-nine persons over eighty years old in the persons of the persons over eighty years old in the persons over eighty

A TRAGIC EYENT.

Botts and shoots

A Pather's Despair and Self-Indicted Beath
His Son's Final Rescue, too Late to Save
Dis Pareut.
The graphic occurrents that is described
telow is one of the most remarkable episodes
in the donestic history of America. It is
also ure truth which can resultly be verified. abo ute truth which can readily be verified.

The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Cortiant, N. were shocked one miorning by the announcement that Mr. Chhon Rindge, one of their most prominent citizens, had committed suicide. The news spread rayldly and aroused the entire neighby the of where Mr. Rindge was so we land favorably known. At first it seemed impossible that any one so quiet and domestic could do so rash a deed, and the inquiry was heard on every side as to the cause. The facts as developed on investigation proved to be as follows:

Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tables and took the greatest enjoyment in the society of his children and pride in their development. And indeed, he had good reason to be proud for they gave promise of long lives of success.

his children and pride in these development. And infeed he had good reason to be proud for they gave promise of long lives of success and usefulness. But an evil day came. His youngest son, William, began to show signs of an early decay. He felt omistally tired each day, and would semetimes along the entire afternoon if permitted to do so. His head pained him, not acutely, but with a dull, heavy feeling. There was a sinking sensation at the pit of his stoma h. He lost all reliab for food and much of his interest for thing; about him. He tried manfully to overcome these feelings, but they seemed stronger than his will. He began to lose flesh rapidly. The father recums alarmed and consulted physi ins. as to the care of his a n's line a, but they were unable to explain. Finally so cees results to out on his arms and he was taken to Buffalo, where a painful operation was prior ned resulting in the best of much blood but afferding little relief. The young man returned house and a cancil of physicians was called. After an exhalactive examination they declared there was no hope of final recovery and that he must die within a very few days. To describe the agony which this amounts ment ansed the father would be impossible. His mid of falled to graep it full maning at first, their finally seems to compressed it, but the load was to great. In an a cay of finally he effect and a cay of finally the refer in a cay of fining the ferring death rather than to survive his idelized son. At that time he edzed a kni e and took his own il e, pro-ferring death rather t an to survive his idelized son. At that time William Hindge was too weak to know what was transpiring. His face had turned bla k, his breath censed entirely at times, and his friends waited for his death, belleving that the flend Fright's diesse of the belleving that the flend Fright's diesse of celleving that the field Fright's diease of the kidneys, from which ho was a suffer, duld not be r moved. In this supreme mo-ment William's sister came forward and de-placed she would make a final attempt be save her brother. The docto's interposed, ass'r ingher it was u class and that she would only hasten the end by the means she propo ed to curpley. Fut she was firm, and rutting all has, approached her brother's side and to employ. But she was firm and futting all back approached her brother's side and administered a remdey with is he fortunately had on land. Within an hour he seemed more easy, and before the day was over he showed signs of de it is limprovern it. These favorable signs continued, and to-day William B. Rindge is well, having be a virtually raised from the dead through the marvelous power of Warner's Safe (use, as can be readily verified by any, iti enof Cortland.

Any one who reflects upon the facts above described must have a feeling of sa these. The facher, dead by his own hand, supposing his son's receivery to be impossible; the soil retered to be also be derived the soil retered to be agonfied relatives with a memory of sadness to forever darken their lives.

ory of sadness to forever darken their fives. Had Clinton Bindge known that his son could recover he would to-day be alive and happy but the facts which turned his brain and causel him to commit sui i le were such as

caused him to commit suicide were such as any one would necept as true.

However said this over may be, the truth remains that thousands of people are at this morn at in as great actual perit as William Kin lige and in as great dancer of causing misery if not death to their friends. Liver and kilney diseases are become the mist common and mis dangerous of any or all modern com lunts. They are the most deceptive in their beginnings and horrible in their final stages. They are far more deceptive the consumption, and can must be detected even by skillful physicians unless a microscopic analysis be resorted to, and few deciors understand how to do this. Their slight; t approach, or possibility of slight t approach, or possibility approach should strike terror to the approach should strike terror to the one who is threatened as well as to all his or her friends. These diseases have no distinct symptom, but come in the form of lassitude, loss of appetite, aching muscles and joints, dull headaches, pains in the beek, stomach and chest, seur stomach, recurring signs of cold, irregular juristions of the head and fragular juristions of the eart, and frequent distincts. these symptoms are certain to run into chronic kidney and Lv-co. Bright's disuse, from which there is sure to be a great amount of ageny and only one means of estate, which is by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. The importance of taking this great remedy upon the slightest appearance of any of the allow symptoms cannot be too strongly impresed upon the mucks of all readers who desire to es a e death and pain and prolong life with all its plea are and bits inch.

Let It Pass.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has a very pretty poem in the Atlantic about the She used to wear a golden belt set with diamonds at her slender waist, Then by and by she wore the belt around her head, for "a lustrous diadem." Then she wore it around her neck, a necklace with "its roseate diamonds set Then she wore it for a bracelet, and at last "the jewel glittering to the last, still sparkles in a ring." The poem is one of the happiest efforts of this delightful humorist. One can almost see that slender girl fat up as the years roll by, and grow out of her girdle in all its successive adaptations. But it would make the poor fat woman feel kind of sad like, we should think, sitting in the dime museum gazing pensively at the ring on her finger, and forgetting, not even hearing, the honeyed blandish-ments of the living skeleton at her side. while she thought of the days when she wore that ring about her waist. It may be, however, that we have an erroneous conception of the true inwardness of the poem. Come to read it again, carefully, we think we have. And yet—but, no-well, let it pass.—Robert Burdette.

A Strange Story.

Mr. Edmund H. Yates, the editor of the London World, and the well known novelist, has been condemned to four months in prison for libelling the Earl of Lonsdale, The judgment has been respited pending an appeal upon a point of law.

The following is the paragraph which set all London talking and formed the basis of the libel suit:—"A strange story is in circulation in certain sporting circles concerning the elopement of a young lady of very high rank and noble birth with a young peer, whose marriage was one of affection, but whose wife, has, unfortunately, fallen into a bad state of health. The elopement is said to have taken place from the hunting field. The young lady, who is only one or two and twenty, is a very fair rider, and the gen tleman a master of hounds." Person in society at once "placed" the young peer, whose wife was an invalid, and who himself was a master of foxhounds, as Lord Lonsdale, and by a kind of ex-haustive process the conclusion was arrived at that the lady said to have eloped from the hunting field was Lady Grace Fane, daughter of Lord West moreland, and an landy on

A NEVADA OPPICIAL. The Enreka Leader tells this little story of real life in the Nevada silver regions: H. C. Ward, who has served as deputy sheriff for some time, tendered as deputy sheriff for some time, tendered his resignation to Sheriff Sweeney. When asked his rea-son for resigning, Ward said: "There-ain't erough fun in being sheriff. I missed two or three good fights last night, on account of being an officer."

Poisoner.—The wife of Judge Foote, Lawrence, Kansas, died recently of blood-poisoning occasioned by the ab-sorption of the coloring matter of a green well through a scratch on the face,

SUC BUSINES

A LONG-PRLT WANT. Mabel—"Oh! Pa, isn't this funny!
Pa—"What is funny?"
Mabel—"This paper says a New York
furniture man has invented an 'electrical

"Indeed ! That will fill a longfelt want. If it can be worked by press-ing a knob in some other part of the

onse, I will get one? Why, what for?"
Pa—"About bedtime I will press the

Mabel—"Well, what will that do?"
Pa—"I am in hopes it will lift that
dude of yours about six feet, and then
perhaps he will go home."

Your poor wearied wife losing sleep night af-ter night nursing the little one suffering from that night fiend to children & horror to parents, that night fiend to children & borror to parents, chour, should have a bottle of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum & Mullein, an undoubted Group preventive, and cure for Cough, Colds, Whooping Cough, Consumption, and all lung and bronchial troubles. Price 25cts and \$1.00. This with Dr. Biggers' Southern Remedy, an equally efficacious remedy for Cramp-Colie, Diarrhosa, Dysentery, and children suffering from the effects of teething presents a little Medicine Chest of the lings and bowels. Ask your druggist for them. Manufactured by your druggist for them. Manufactured by Walter A. Taylor, Atlanta, Ga., proprietor Taylor's Premium Cologne.

SOUTH CABOLINA has 1,569 flour, grist and ri e mills, employing 4 370 wait is and black, employing a capital of \$2,755,750, and tire in; out annually \$5,258,600 worth of flour,

The old custom requiring saleswomen in dry and fancy goods stores to stand all day long without rest or relief is being superseded by more humane rules in many of our leading business houses. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-ide Compound is highly praised by those who have not yet been freed from the old necessity for constant standing; and is a gentine bleas-ing in every such case, as well as to the tired out housekeeper who must be on her feet all

DR. CHARLES F. BEAN, of Cheisea. Mars., wants a pen ion be caus: he weighs 443; ounds, his superfluous avoirdupois being the result of an attack of malacial lever which he had dur-

In the fall of 1875 my sufferings were sear ble. I was swollen to such proportions that I feared my limbs would burst. I had the best medical talent obtainable, and at the worst stage of my illness, when my husband and many friends had given me up to die, the late Dr. John Woodbury made a thorough examination of my water, and pronounced my case neute kidney disease, bridering on Bright's disease, and accompanied by gravel, and recommended the immediate use of Hunt's Remedy. At this time I was suffering mest terrible pain in my back, limbs, and head, and could find no rest day or night for weeks, and I was growing weaker daily until this kind physician ordered me to take liunt's Remedy. Before taking half of one bottle! Remedy. Before taking half of one bottle? commenced to improve, and after taking eig bottles was entirely cured. This was pearly eight years ago, and I have had no return of the discase. I have recommended Hunt's Remedy to others in similar cases, and it has never falled to cure. I have also used it for sick headache, and found in it a sure relief, think in the best medicine made, and cheer-links in the best medicine made, and cheer-

It think it the best medicine made, and cheerfully recommend it to all.

Mrs. W. H. STILSON,

Mas. W. H. STILSON,
No. 16 Tyler St., Boston, Mass
April 18, 1883.

A Well Known Man.
Hunt's Remedy having been recommended to me for kidney and liver complaints, I purchased some at the "People's Drug Store" and used it in my family, and found it to be a very valuable medicine, and I gladly recommend it highly to my friends, knowing it to be beneficial to those troubled with kidney or liver disease.

Respectfully yours,
ELISHA NOYSE,
April 14, 1883. 63 G St., So. Boston, Mass.

Alast Manafacturer.

I have used Hunt's Remedy for the kidney complaint, and, having been fully restored te bealth by its use, I can testify to its value. Daily I recommend it to some one of my friends, all of whom I know have been benefited by its use.

GEO. P. COX.

Maiden. Mass. April 33 1825.

Malden, Mass., April 23, 1883.

The British house of commons has rejected, by a vote of 149 to seventy nine the bill li-censing crematories. It was opposed by the go-enument on the ground of public feeling Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds eliminated

by using Samaritan Nervine. All druggists' Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

Mrs. Forbes, Pottsdam, N.Y. writes : "Samaritan Nervine cured my son of epilepsy." East Tennesske marble is selling for 100 per cent more than Italian marble in the leading markets.

Public speakers and singers use Piso's Cure or hoarseness and weak lungs. ILLINOIS wants more girls. There is now a superfluity of about 19,000 boys in that

Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile Aye, wouldst see December smile! Wouldst see hosts of new roses blow! Carboline makes the hair to grow On the haldnes of heads

A very large number of Swiss emigrants have been arriving during the pat few weeks who go principally to the Northwest

How to Shorten Life. The recipe is simple. You have only to take a violent cold, and neglect it. Abernethy, the great English surgeon, askel a lady who told him she only had a cough: "What would you have! The plague?" Beware of only coughs." The worst cases can, how ever, be cured by Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. In whooping cough and croup in immediately allays irritation, and is sure to prevent a fatal termination of the disease

TREEL has been a murder a morth in Cin-cinnati for lifteen years, and only one bang-ing.

Sold by druggists.

SOLID SILVER STEM WINDING FULL JEWELLED GENTS' SIZE WATCH FOR \$12.50.

FULLY GUARANTEED. This offer made for & are only. Goods seat by Espress C. C. D., subject to appendion before purchasing. J. P. STEVENS & CO., Jewelers,



OH, no, you don't "laugh and grow fat." That idea is all wrong. The sentence should be reversed. You grow fat and laugh. When you fat up you have something to laugh for. And other weeks the content of the results have something to laugh for. have something to laugh for. And other people have something to laugh at. Especially when you try to button your shoes in a railway car.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A young lady who lately received a bouquet of loses was somewhat amused to find the donor's visiting card attached to it, and within on the wrong side these words: "Not to exceed \$2.



JEZZEIOL DES

Thange of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in sarly stage of dorshopmant. The tendency for examine harpons there is cherked very specific for the same in harpons there is cherked very specific for the same in the same is an entire to the same in the same is an entire to the same in the same is a same in the same in the same is a same in the same in the same is a same in the s

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THE London Lancet says that "medi cal men are from time to time insuled by the overtures made by enterprising undertakers with a view of obtaining their recommendations to the families deceased persons," and refers to one in particular who was bold enough to send

a circular letter to a large number of physicians offering a commission ranging from 5 to 10 per cent.—Dr. Foote Health Monthly.

The only way for a man to have his oloture printed in a western paper is to ethung,